THE MOUNTAIN KNOWS MY NAME

MĀUI — THE STORY THAT STARTED IT ALL (III)

Hauiti

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PUBLISHER INFORMATION

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This work is grounded in Ancestral cosmology, oral storytelling traditions, whakapapa, ancestral memory, and sacred land and ocean scapes. The narrative is presented as a work of Indigenous mythical historical fiction shaped through the traditions of oral transmission and cultural storytelling.

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Dedication Page

For the ancestors who carried the burden before us. And for the mokopuna yet to come.

About the Author

Kaiporoporo is the name the ancestors call me by. Hauiti is the name my father, Te Tawiri o te rangi, gave me. Hauiti is a storyteller, researcher, and writer whose work is grounded in whakapapa, ancestral landscapes, oral traditions, and Indigenous knowledge systems.

His narratives draw upon Ancestral cosmology, sacred geography, ritual memory, and intergenerational storytelling traditions to craft epic Indigenous literary worlds rooted in the living relationship between people, ancestors, and whenua.

The MĀUI trilogy serves as the ancestral prologue to the larger Nukuroa saga: it comes

Kaiporoporo Publications: *The Mountain Knows My Name*

The Birth of a Legacy

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MĀUI — THE STORY THAT STARTED IT ALL (III)

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'Time to move'

Mua felt the shift in the wind and adjusted the sails, guiding the waka parallel to the shoreline until they reached the river mouth. Roto did not wait for the waka to beach. He plunged straight into the water and swam hard for shore the moment his head surfaced. Taha and Hianga followed close behind to help.

Pae had taken up his position at the bow to get a better sense of the new land. His posture told Mua that he was in Spirit.

With his eyes closed, head tilted slightly toward the sky, and hands extended at his sides, palms facing upward, Pae breathed slowly and carefully until his breath matched the rhythm of his heartbeat. Then his eyes rolled back into his head.

He had discovered that by breathing to the rhythm of his heartbeat, he could draw the energy of the land and the oceans into his body. They had all been taught about mauri —the living, intelligent life-force within all things, as Pae described it— but he possessed an exceptional gift for working with it.

He often reminded his brothers. 'There is a source and that source is the Creator, Io Matua.'

Pae anchored his body and mind so his spirit could soar across the interior of the land without fear of losing its connection to his body. He shuddered slightly as his spirit leapt upward.

Summoning the Kaitiaki to his side, he climbed upon the back of Manunui, the great bird, and pointed toward the rising plume.

"To the smoke, Manu."

Pae looked down upon his body as Manu took flight. It remained perfectly still, perched upon the bow of the waka. Turning toward the smoke, he gathered his bearings.

Mua watched his brother in quiet awe, marvelling at the skill he had acquired. They had all been trained within the Spirit Realm, yet it seemed only Pae had truly mastered the art of working alongside the Kaitiaki.

Pae decided to follow the river. He reasoned it must flow from the distant mountains. With urgency, he traced the river upstream toward its source until he came upon several sparkling bodies of water nestled beneath a mountain. He paused, wondering if this was where the river was born.

Drawing closer, he saw a waterfall bursting from the side of the mountain into the lake below.

"Ah," he thought, "it pours from the mouth of the Mountain itself. Surely this is water fit for the Atua to drink."

A name came to him then — *Te Awa o te Atua.*

He smiled at the thought of the Guardians of Creation drinking from those pristine waters. But the smile faded quickly as he noticed the faint whisper of grey smoke rising in the distance. Beneath him, the earth trembled softly. He wondered if it was tied to the growing plume ahead.

"Time to move," he thought.

He sped across the vast land directly toward the source of the smoke. It did not take long to cross the distance. As he approached, a great shadow began rising before him, and he realised the Mountain was growing larger with every breath. Its immense form cast a long shadow across the barren wasteland below.

When he reached the foot of the Mountain, Pae lifted his gaze toward its hidden summit buried within the clouds. It stood like a mighty Kaitiaki —a sentinel watching over all the lands around it. Its peak pierced the heavens while a grey plume of smoke rose skyward, as though carrying a message to the Creator.

Pae noticed several other mountains nearby. One in particular stood adorned in dense forest.

"Likely teeming with birds," he thought.

Yet deep within himself he sensed he would never be permitted to harvest from that mountain. It felt protected —sheltered beneath the authority of the Ancient Mountain itself.

Pae lowered his head slightly in reverence before the immense presence standing over him.

Then he spoke to the Mountain

"O Great One, my brothers and I were thrown off course while fishing in the Ocean of Kiwa. I know not why —only that I was brought here to meet thee. Do you have a message for us?"

A voice entered the inner recesses of his mind, commanding him to rise to the summit.

Pae rose through the clouds until he came face to face with the guardian Patupaiarehe spirits of Maunga Mata Ngaro.

"O great spirits of Maunga Mata Ngaro, the Mountain whose face is hidden, I am but a weary fisherman carried to this distant land by the violent currents of Tangaroa and the fierce winds of Tāwhirimātea. I know not why —only that I was brought here to meet thee."

The Patupaiarehe spoke.

"I am Ririo. On behalf of my people and this Mountain, I welcome you, Māui Pae. We have been waiting for you and your brothers."

Composing himself quickly, Pae stated simply, "Why are we here?"

"You are to witness the greatest battle ever fought upon this land. The Giants of Creation will wage war for guardianship of this territory. Their battle will tear open the land and shape it for those yet to come.

"He who is not yet born will descend to this place. He shall become the forebear of a great people, and they will settle these lands after the fires have passed."

Pae's eyes opened into a vision.

He saw the Giants of Creation warring against one another with immense boulders, smoke, and deep rumblings of the earth. Fire spewed from their breath as the land convulsed before him. The terrain tore open and heaved upward, thrusting a sheer wall of rock toward the heavens. Smoke billowed skyward while great boulders were hurled across the vast landscape. So immense was the wall of stone that Pae could not see its summit as it struck against the breast of Ranginui, the Sky Father.

Then the vision changed.

Where the towering wall of rock had once stood, Pae now saw a vast body of water. The barren wasteland had vanished, replaced with lush forest. The waters teemed with life. The land itself had awakened.

Yet one thing troubled him.

Maunga Mata Ngaro had lost its peak. The Patupaiarehe spoke.

"You have seen that the peak is gone. A sacrifice must be made for this Mountain to become guardian of the people who will one day inhabit these lands. His face shall never again be seen by the people. Instead, he shall become the unseen face they must seek, to learn the hidden wisdom of the ancient ones."

Pae nodded solemnly, mourning the loss of the noble Mountain. Bowing his head in reverence, he remained silent for several breaths.

Then the Patupaiarehe spoke once more.

"Pae, you must return to your brothers and prepare to depart with haste. You must also take a stone from the Ancient One. This stone must be guarded for many generations until the day it is broken into five pieces and returned once more to this land. Now go. Return to your brothers. You do not have long."

Pae hastened back to the coast. Slipping into his body with a slight thud, he drew a sharp breath to ground himself.

Tihei mauri ora —I live. I draw breath!

Pae turned urgently to his brothers.

"The whisper of smoke from the Mountain is about to—"

The earth answered for him.

* * *

The scene chilled the brothers to the bone

Mua noticed Pae's posture —a slight shiver. Pae opened his eyes and turned to his brother, "we have very little time brother, this land is about to explode."

His brothers gathered around him as he related what he had seen and heard —and the Rock.

"The Patupaiarehe told me about the great battle that will change the face of the land in preparation for new inhabitants. We have very little time to gather provisions and head out to sea beyond the battle zone. We must hurry!"

Mua quickly assessed their situation and gave orders. The repairs to the waka were complete. They made haste gathering water and fresh fish.

Night came too quickly for Mua. Although they were ready to make sail, it was too late in the evening. He decided they would sleep the night with their waka at the ready. He tapped his heart space twice, breathed in deeply and out slowly to dampen his concerns.

The brothers could feel the Earth rumbling beneath them as they tried to sleep. Pae remained alert through the night until sleep claimed him. He was abruptly awoken by the Patupaiarehe in his dreams, "wake up Pae, it is time to leave!"

Pae sat up instantly. He took a deep breath, almost panicking as he stood. He sounded the warning cry —*Kia hiwa rā!* They scrambled awake and headed for the waka.

As they pushed out through shallow waters, Pae looked behind him, "Look brothers!"

The mountains bellowed as they battled for supremacy and guardianship over the central lands of the island. Fire, dense smoke, and great rocks spewed into the sky. Some of the smaller mountains fled the battle site, making their way toward the coast.

The Heavens and the Earth spoke.

The Earth heaved upward as Rūaumoko, Guardian of Earthquakes, rose to scar the Earth. Lava belched out of the Maunga Mata Ngaro as it battled other mountains —intent on scorching everything in sight.

Lightening tore through the nightsky, scarring the Heavens. Deep thunder roared across the skyscape —and shook the Cloak of Heaven. Hine Mārama, the moon, fled the scene —taking refuge beyond the distant horizon. Clouds gathered beneath thick debris that smothered the sky—hiding the stars.

The wind shrieked as it swept across the face of the Earth —devastating the trees. Birds screeched as they fled for cover —there was none. Many fell from the sky —consumed by fire in mid-flight. The remaining trees and vegetation were reduced to ash, as fire rained down upon the land.

The scene chilled the brothers to the bone.

Mua gripped the tiller tightly as the brothers scrambled into position. They paddled furiously, desperate to reach safe waters.

"Pae!" yelled Mua over the piercing screams of the exploding Mountains, "guide us to the horizon! Roto, summon the winds and the ocean —get us beyond this fury!"

He turned to Taha.

"Taha," he shouted, "keep a sharp watch for falling rocks!"

Taha turned cautiously, watching over his brother's shoulder. His keen eyes firmly fixed on the plume of dark smoke rising rapidly from the heart of the island.

"Mua!" he shouted.

Mua saw the outstretched signal of his right arm and swung the waka hard in that direction —narrowly missing falling rocks.

They fled toward the rising sun, away from the furious Mountains at the heart of the island. Huge rocks hurtled past their heads trailing smoke, striking the ocean with hissing explosions.

One crashed close to the right side of the waka. Taha lunged with his cloak, scooping the burning stone up onto the deck of the waka. The heat tore quickly through the weave of his garment, but he smothered the rock before it could burn through the hull.

At a safe distance, they stopped and looked behind them.

All stood wide-eyed —in awe.

The sun had risen. The Mountains had ceased travelling and now stood —locked in place. One had settled near where they had been sleeping, while several others had taken residence out in the ocean just off shore. Dark clouds still dominated the skies, and an eerie feeling crawled across the land. Silence prevailed.

The sun pierced the dark clouds and three shafts of light poured down upon the land.

"Pae," yelled Mua, find out where those shafts of light land, before they disappear."

Pae went straight into Spirit. He returned within a few breaths.

"One shaft of light fell where we slept. One landed on that flat island. The other landed just to our right."

"Mmm," Mua murmured aloud. "The Spirits move across the face of the land —those places carry meaning. Pae —name those places."

The pondered. The spoke. "Where we slept . . . that place shall be known as *Te Awa o te Atua*. The island? Hmm," he pondered, "perhaps *Matakōkiri* after the boulder resting at the end of it. And the island to our —."

"Pae," interrupted Mua, "how about *Mata Rehua*? It was the voice of Rehua I heard last night."

The brothers nodded in agreement —pleased.

"And the third?" asked Mua.

Pae turned to Roto. "What do you see brother?"

"Well . . . that small island seemed to rise straight up out of the water. How about we call it *Ka Rewa?*"

"*Karewa*," repeated Pae. "That fits nicely."

"Thus, shall they be known from this day forth," declared Mua, *"Te Awa o te Atua, Mata Rehua* and *Karewa*."

They all voiced their agreement.

"Roto —gather together the fragments of our journey. Carry them through the generations until that rock resting there is returned to this island."

Pae stood and acknowledged his brothers. Then turned toward the island and began his karakia — first to the Patupaiarehe; then the Mountain:

Taku titiro ake ki a koe

E Ririo

Ko taku waewae

Takahia Tapuwae nuku

Tapuwae rangi

Tapuwae moana

Te take ki tēnei, tēnā, ki waho, ki tua

I see thee, I greet thee Ririo

My feet have been blessed with this Sacred land

With the Skies above

With Ocean beneath us

Thus, we —have witnessed thy work beyond the seen realms

Taku aro tēnei ki a koe e te Maunga Mata Ngaro ē

E te tupuna nui

Te tupuna tapu

Te tupuna nā IO nui ē

Haumi ē, hui ē

oi

Tāiki ē

Thee, O Great One—
Mountain of the Hidden Face,

Great Ancestor—
Sacred Ancestor—
Born of IO the Creator—

Bind us as One —
Gather us as One —

Let it be sealed from this time forth—

It is done—

They turned towards home with their Rock bound in the middle of their waka.

* * *

And if you think you're alone in your journey – think again

It's me again — Māui Tikitiki.

I wasn't going to leave without the final word.

I told you it was *epic*. Now you know how it all began. You probably figured out that it wasn't *just me* — my brothers played their part as well.

They're good like that. Blessed. When you are chosen for a particular task by the Creator — you grow up really quickly in preparation for that which you were chosen to do.

Without question.

My brother Mua — is firm. Really firm. Good heart. Brilliant mind. He leads. We follow. My brother Pae — he was blessed in ways that even I can't appreciate —you know, the sixth or seventh sense, or whatever you call it. Connected to the Creator that one. The thing about him —he listened to the Creator. Not to mention the other two, Taha and Roto.

Taha was built like a Rock. Strong and dependable. Warrior. Defender. Uncompromising. And Roto. Quiet by my standards. It's the quiet ones you have to be careful of. When he spoke, which was rare, you best pay attention. Serious with all the rituals he performs on our behalf.

Everything Roto does is usually deep. As our father used to say, you can't draw water from an empty well —his well was deep and full of pristine waters from the Higher Realms.

And me? Well —one day you will find out. I'm full of surprises!

Yeah. I'm one sided when it comes to my brothers — they were loyal. That's rare. Love them immensely. Proud. Very proud of what we did. We did our part. And now it's up to you — your part.

What— you don't think you have a part to play?

Sit with it from time to time. Figure it out. When you do —Well, who knows right?

One day you will meet the Mountain.

Now —I would do anything for my brothers. Almost. My jaw dropped when Pae asked me to take the Rocks up to the Mountain to be placed with Hine Tāpeka and her sister Mahuika. I literally soiled my *maro* at the thought. And he had the audacity to laugh at me.

He's blessed that I love him.

What may have escaped your notice are the ancestors. They were all watching. Making sure we got it right. Making sure we were *pono*. You know that word *pono*? Authentic and true to our word. And thankfully my brothers ignored me and listened to Mua and Pae. It's humbling to think we played a part, a small part, but an important part. If you think you're alone in your journey — think again.

It's now our turn to watch over you —just like Rehua watched over us. To make sure you're heading in the right direction. To make sure you're *pono*. And to make sure you — are playing your part.

Don't give up. But look up. We are with you.

Remember the wind? The cold? The stars? And the water?

Did they not speak to you?

Even in the darkest night, the stars are in the sky — watching. And the wind — you don't see it, but you can feel it — can't you. And you will hear it if you listen with your heart.

Close your eyes, listen —and breathe. It doesn't matter that you can't see us. Not everyone is blessed with that type of insight. But you will be blessed with the insight you need for your journey.

Your part.

After all, you are a part of me, and I am a part of you. You're not alone — no matter how skilled you think you are — you need your ancestors with you.

Remember that.

And my mokopuna?

Yeah, the one who put this all together. Pleased with him too.That's a good place to finish.

"Haere I runga rā I rangahaua koe ki te pō uriuri, ki te pō tangotango!"

"As you travel along your journey, look up and remember where you come from, for thou hast been redeemed from the depths of darkness to perform your task in your life's journey."

And soon — the Mokopuna who will return the Rocks will be born into the World of Light.

Epilogue

* * *

He will be born this night

"Come Mua —bring your brothers."

The voice of Rehua moved across the spine of the upper realms — *te Hikumutu o te Rangi.*

All five Māui brothers approached the *Tūāhu.* The glow of light had not dimmed since their first visit 20 generations ago.

"The time draws near," said Rehua, "the one who will carry the burden of the Rocks will be born into the World of Light."

The brothers said nothing —they didn't need to.

"And when he comes—"

The words did not need to be finished —they understood the significance.

"Kahukura," Rehua continued, "the sign of the double rainbow, has already been dispatched to fulfil the prophecy. He will be born this night —*and all of you will be present.*"

"It will be done, Lord Rehua."

And when he is born, mused Mua — *everything will begin —again.*

* * *

AFTERWORD

Nau mai rā —I hope you enjoyed the beginning of *The Mountain knows my name* series

And now you know where and how it all began.

The Māui brothers have played their part. From here, the story begins to follow the generations who inherit the legacy of the Mountain. Every journey, every challenge, and every choice that follows can be traced back to these first footsteps.

Thank you for spending time with me and for giving this story a place in your imagination. I hope you enjoyed the journey as much as I enjoyed writing it.

If you feel inclined, shout me a coffee and join me in the next trilogy. The adventure is only just beginning. Oh, and I'm partial to a soy vanilla latte, Chanel Montel put me onto that.

Until then, haere pai, and thank you for reading.

—Hauiti

NEXT IN THE MOUNTAIN KNOWS MY NAME SERIES

NUKUROA: HOW IT ALL BEGAN TRILOGY

* * *

This is how it all began for my wife

My name is Nukurangi —this is how the story begins for me.

I am not well-known like my ancestor Māui Tikitiki nor his brothers. By now you're familiar with their epic fishing expedition —the tale we call: *The Story that Started it all.*

That was 20 generations ago. Our islands have kept those rocks safe for that long. Now, a new phase is about to begin in the saga of the rocks, starting with the birth of my son, Nukuroa.

This is how it all began for my wife, Te Kura o te ata, and I. Not how we met and fell in love — that story will come later — but how our son came into the World of Light — what we call Te Ao Mārama.

In time, you will meet some very important people who will shape and prepare my son for his role in the legacy of Pae. Fast forward another 30 generations and you will meet another mokopuna— the ancestor Māui spoke of him — Hauiti is his name. He, is important to the Rocks.

What? You think we don't know him?

While we no longer inhabit the World of Light (yes —the world of the living) it does not mean we don't keep a close eye on our mokopuna. Eventually, you will see how inter-woven and seamless the World of Spirits and the World of Light are.

Let me break this part of the story down for you.

My mother, Te Aro-rangi, is pivotal at the moment of birth. You won't meet my father, Nuku i te paerangi — he was already in the world of spirits — but he is present.

You will meet my mentor, Rakauri — with whom I trained at the distinguished Whare Wānanga, Pikopiko-i-whiti, with my closest friend Ngātoro. He is instrumental in training my son in the Lore of the Fire Matriarchs. My wife's brother Te Hau o Tāwhaki and his wife, Hine te Aho Rangi, attend our son's waitohi ceremony and so does Mareikura, mother of Te Hau.

You will meet my distinguished ancestors — 5 generations of esteemed tohunga, father to son — all first-born, trained by Rehua Tikitiki at the *Tūāhu* —did I tell you what this is? English doesn't do it justice —let's call it a portal to the other world for now.

The Tūāhu is called Te Hikumutu o te Rangi, and is located on our island — Te Pae o Rehua. The entire island is built around the Tūāhu and it is the function of our Papakāinga community to care for the Tūāhu —we call it Kaitiakitanga or Guardianship.

Enough for now —*it's time you met our son.*

* * *

Link to NUKUROA: HOW IT ALL BEGAN

https://retoa.gumroad.com/l/puypk